

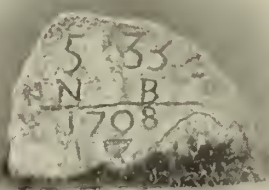
The
MILESTONE

1925

Gift of Mrs John Hamilton
Morse

Oct 1953

The Milestone



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T H E M I L E S T O N E

The Milestone

PUBLISHED BY THE

Senior Class of Dummer Academy

PAUL CAPRON, JR.	Editor in Chief, Literature
ERVIN RANDALL JACKSON	} Business Managers
ALBERT WINSLOW HARR, JR.	
FRANK LAWRENCE WHALEN	
ROBERTO ALVIN ORMSBY ANDREANI	Art Editor
CYRUS FARLEY MORSE	Photograph Editor
CLIFFORD SPALDING RAY	Athletics Editor
WIRT G. FAUST	Faculty Adviser

SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

June, 1925

Printed by
THE HERALD PRESS
Newburyport, Mass.



WALTER JOHN FARRELL

A. B., Boston University, 1904
Assistant to the Headmaster
Mathematics
Coach of Junior Football
Faculty Adviser for "The Archon"



The class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five
respectfully dedicates this book to
Mr. Walter John Farrell
their friend and assistant head-master



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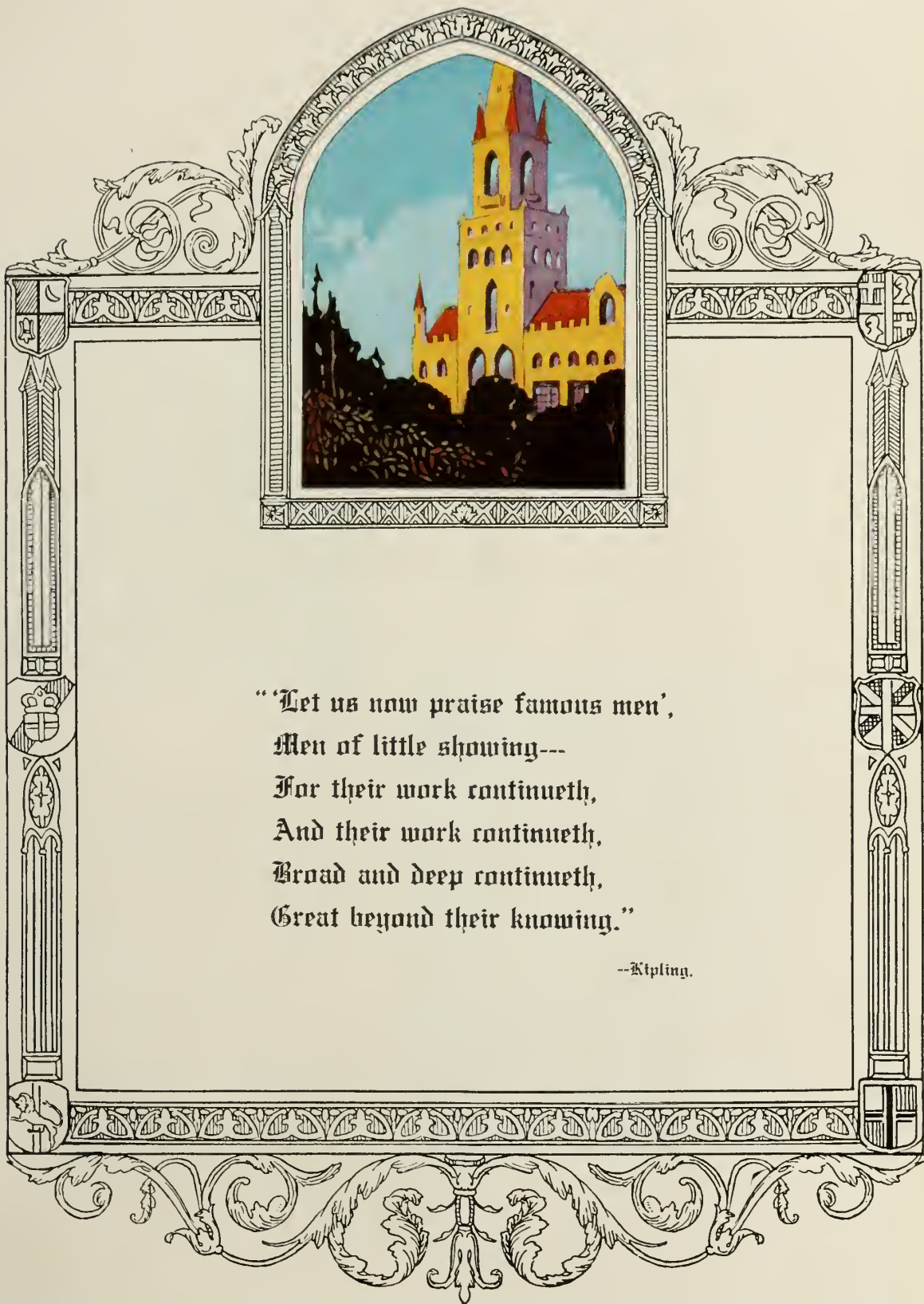
CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster

B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896

APPRECIATION

THE editors of THE MILESTONE desire to express their appreciation to the following persons who have kindly assisted them in the publication of this book:

MR. WIRT G. FAUST
MR. RUSSELL DIKE HAMILTON, '27
MR. JOHN PHILIP ENGLISH, '27
MR. STEPHEN WEBBER
DR. CHARLES S. INGHAM



“Let us now praise famous men’,
Men of little showing---
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing.”

--Kipling.

• FACULTY •



FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGAN

Bates, 1914
Lowell Normal School
Registrar
Commercial Subjects
Coach of Baseball and Basket Ball
Master of Peirce Hall

WIRT GERRY FAUST

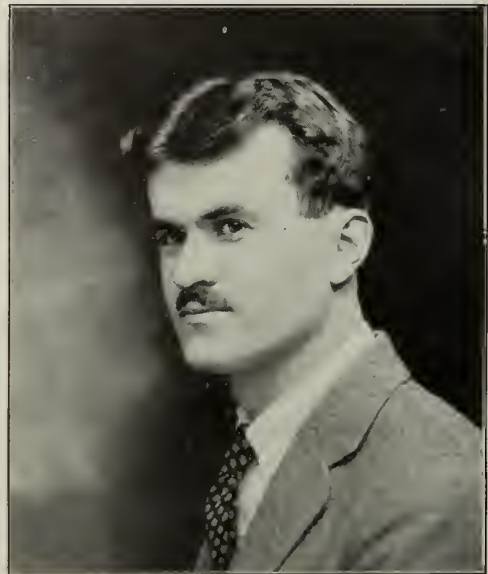
A.B. University of Wisconsin, 1915
Harvard, 1921—1922
English
Faculty Adviser for "The Milestone"
School Librarian
Master of Moody House





PHILIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920
History
Coach of Golf
Master of Perkins Hall



WILBERT BANCROFT SKERRYE

A. B. Brown University, 1919
Harvard Medical School
French and Latin
Coach of Track Team
Assistant Master of Moody House



GEORGE PRICE TEMPLE

Andover, 1916
Huntington, 1920
Coach at Andover, 1921, 1922
Coach at Stearns, 1923
Junior School Instructor
Athletic Director

STEPHEN WEBBER

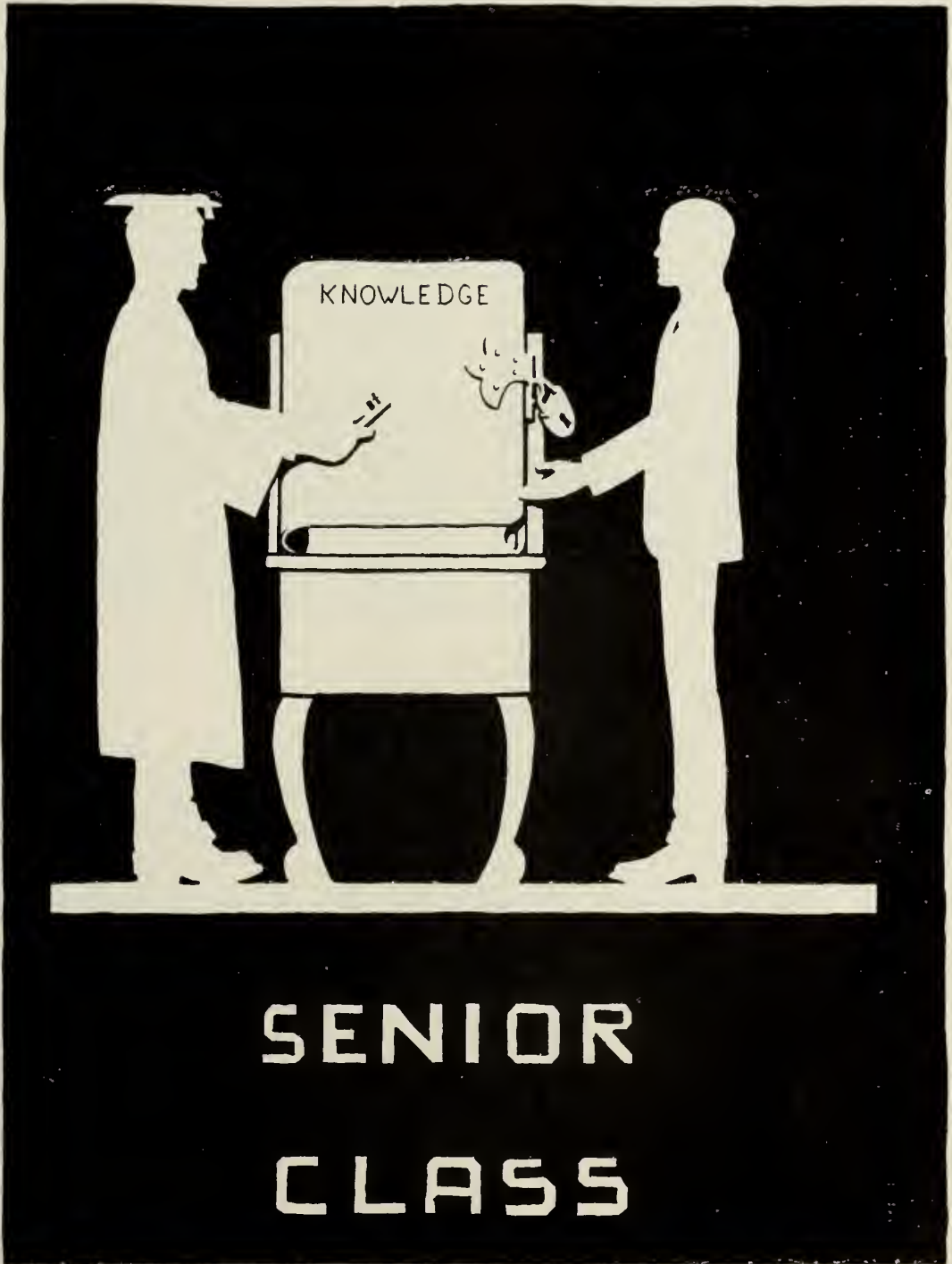
Harvard, 1921
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Mathematics, Science, Mechanical Drawing
Coach of Tennis
Master of the Commons



T H E M I L E S T O N E



T H E M I L E S T O N E



Drawn by R. Andreani



ERVIN RANDALL JACKSON
Danvers, Mass.

Scientific Course
Entered school 1920. Preparing for Bowdoin
President Senior Class, second term, '25
Orchestra Leader, '22, '23
Senior Prom Committee, '24
Junior Prom Committee, '23
Football squad, '21
Baseball squad, '21, '22
Manager of Basket Ball, '21
Hockey squad, '24, '25
Business Manager, "Milestone", '25

"Jack"

Some writer says that the schoolboy who can tie bow ties successfully will never be without his following. For several years — we should hate to say how many — Jack has been official bow-tier of the school, and it is sadly probable that tuxedos will have to be given up in Dummer unless some new talent can be discovered. The same writer who made the above statement also remarks that he who plays a musical instrument is assured of popularity, but we doubt that the noises which Jack provokes from the clarinet will ever make him anything but tolerated. Before there was a smoking club, John held the title of champion draft rigger of Dummer; but as the poet has it, "Them days is gone forever."

Jack has always made out rather well with those designed to help but sure to hinder us in this earthly existence; witness when Miss Brown gave the senior table chicken, and every one else had ham. However, in spite of the so-called charms which he probably thinks he has, Jack has stuck pretty close to the one and only.

"Oh, five years ago they used to kill us. But that was the old regime. . . ."



FRANK LAWRENCE WHALEN
Washington, D. C.

Classical Course

Entered school 1918. Preparing for Bowdoin

President Senior Class, first term, '24

Student Council, '24, '25

First prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest, '24

Varsity football, '23, '24

Varsity basket ball, '24, '25

Varsity track, '24

Track Captain, '25

Business Manager, "Milestone", '25

"Lawny"

Ever since the days when they used to take "Lawny's" picture with the Moody House rabbit in his arms, he has shown great interest in pets. For the last two years he has kept a White Mouse and has tamed it by patient effort until now the cute little thing will follow him any where. "Lawny" is never happy unless he is "jazzing" the piano or listening to a foot-coaxing orchestra. He is a fast man figuratively as well as literally and usually comes back a ring or a pin to the good. Though he never treads the way of the transgressor while at school, we wonder why he looks so dragged out after a vacation. This is not gossip, at least not intentionally; it's just to pin on him that one little redeeming fault.

"Play the other side of that record!"



ALBERT WINSLOW HERR, JR.
Malden, Mass.

Scientific Course

Entered school 1921. Preparing for Yale

Secretary—Treasurer Senior Class, both terms,
'24—'25

Vice-President Class of 1925, '22—'23, '23—'24

Student Council, '24

Junior Prom Reception Committee, '24

Varsity football, '24

Varsity basket ball, '25

Varsity track, '25

Tennis squad, '24, '25

Business Manager and Treasurer, "Milestone", '25

"Al"

"Wine, women, and song"—Al doesn't drink, has practically nothing to do with the girls, and can't sing. Nor will he smoke, for he deems smoking harmful to the young. Last year Al dragged a girl to the Junior Prom; and when he duplicated that feat this year, it had taken him just twelve months to make up his mind to do it again. When introducing a girl to Al always remember to whisper in her ear that there's no chance. Many a girl has wasted futile hours trying to draw him on. Al is always cheerful, sometimes too cheerful, and sometimes, oh, so terribly playful. The redeeming fault lies in that Al never gets up till nine minutes past seven. This spoils the angelic picture above, we hope.

"Hang up your pants, will ya, Pep!"



CYRUS FARLEY MORSE
Danvers, Mass.

Classical Course

Entered school 1922. Preparing for Dartmouth

Secretary—Treasurer Class of 1925, '22—'23

Historian Class of 1925, '23—'24, '24—'25

Moody Kent prize in History, '24

Junior Prom Committee, '24

Varsity basket ball, '24

Football squad, '23, '24

Manager of Hockey, '24

Photograph Editor, "Milestone", '25

"White Mouse"

"The skin you love to touch". We just know that all the femmes who view this book will ache to smooth those dimples. "Mouse" is another boy who has no faults. He gets shamefully high marks in his studies, but doesn't tell everyone about it. As yet he has not learned to use his fatal charms on members of the opposite sex; but time will tell, and experience is the best teacher. He is a terrible bachelor; he never even drags a girl to a dance, which doubtless means that he will be married before he's twenty-five. "Mouse" is going to Dartmouth where men are men and it's colder than the devil.

"Aw, cut it out, Mr. Webber, I'm goin' to bed! Ow!"



Roberto Alvin Ormsby Andreani
Florence, Italy

Scientific Course
Entered school 1923. Preparing for M. I. T.
Junior Prom Committee, '24
Business Manager Archon., '25
Manager of track, '24
Art Editor, "Milestone", '25

"Andy"

Andy came to us as quite a mystery. We soon found out that he was a Fascist, a fact which rather awed us; for in most of our ignorant minds fascisti were somehow associated with banditti. Eventually we discovered that Andy could draw, and from that moment on he has not had a minute's peace. Andy is an aeroplane fiend. His sole ambition is to build the wonder plane of the age, and it was no small shock to him to find from an authentic source that most of the aeroplanes he had so painstakingly drawn would be unlikely to fly. Most of us think that if Andy becomes an engineer, a good artist will be lost to the world.

So far Andy has "dragged" to every dance, but there has been no evidence so far of his having been badly smitten.

Andy loves to putter about in the laboratory and put things together to see what will happen, but through some miracle or other the school house still stands, though stains on the lab. ceiling show where the unexpected has happened.

"Right Ho!"



PAUL CAPRON, JR.
Annapolis, Md.

Classical Course
Entered school 1919. Preparing for Harvard
Secretary—Treasurer Class of 1925, '24
Archon Board, '24
Editor in Chief Archon, '25
Junior Prom Reception Committee, '24
Moody Kent prize in English, '22
Second prize, "Milestone" Short Story Contest, '24
First prize, "Milestone" Short Story Contest, '25
Varsity football, '23, '24
Manager of basket ball, '23
Track squad, '24, '25
Baseball squad, '24, '25
Tennis squad, '25
Editor in Chief and Literature Editor,
"Milestone", '25

"Pep"

"Pick up your clothes, will you 'Pep'?"

"Oh, they are all right where they are, and they are not bothering you anyway." "Pep's" room is a mess of clothes and books. He doesn't pretend to pick them up and never knows where anything is when he wants it. Dames are his delight. Girls fascinate him; boys bore him. He occasionally comes down to breakfast in time but very rarely. "Pep" receives letters from his harems in all parts of the United States and always reads them with genuine interest. He doesn't play any musical instrument except the Jew's harp, but that is plenty for the members of the Commons. When it comes to football "Pep" is there as he is in track and basket ball. He has been almost annihilated several times by his fellow students for his insisting on wearing a "cake-eater's garb," but has managed to withstand the onslaught of the mob so far.

"Got any aspirin?"



JAMES ELLISON MORSE, JR.
Danvers, Mass.

Scientific Course

Entered school 1922. Preparing for Pratt Institute

Junior Prom Committee, '24

Orchestra, '23, '24, '25

President Smoking Club, '24—'25

Manager of football, '23

Varsity baseball, '24

“Mouse”

Here's the bold bad man, hardened butt-fiend, and a hard working student; at least for conversational purposes. The time was when “Mouse” could hold his younger brother in check, but since then Farley has grown up a bit. The Mouse plays in the outfield and is generally conceded to be the luckiest man ever to put on baseball shoes. If there is no other way for him to reach base, the first baseman is usually kind enough to drop dead, or someone drops the ball, or something else happens. The other day when “Mouse” slid a base, we heard a clank which we think might have been a horse shoe in his pocket. “Mouse” has not been so very successful in sticking to the O.A.O.,*so it seems. Something seems to happen every once in a while to set him off.

“Comin' over to the club, Jack?”

*One And Only.



CLIFFORD SPALDING RAY
Boston, Mass.

Classical Course

Entered school 1923. Preparing for Yale
President Student Council, '24 —'25
Associated Harvard Club prize, '24
Third prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest, '24
Moody Kent prize in Modern Languages, '24
Manager of basket ball, '25
Manager of Tennis, '24
Athletics Editor, "Milestone", '25

"Barney"

Here we have the *student* of the class. Barney always drags in with an average that sounds like an advertisement for Ivory soap. Whether Barney studies hard or whether he just has that reputation is rather hard to tell, but we suspect it's the former. Barney has no bad habits, in which trait he is like a disgustingly large number of the class. He is more or less of a woman hater, but we would like to know about that little blonde girl, who came out to the Sophomore dance with him. Barney knows all about the fish business, which is convenient on Fridays, inasmuch as we always know what we're getting. This winter Barney brought his mathematical mind to bear on "spec", with the result that he soon became a prodigy; but this triumph was short-lived, for Watkins snatched his title right back. If Barney is remembered for no other reason he will be remembered for his laugh. When he laughs, he starts in by making low moans, meanwhile shaking all over. The moans rise to a shrill cackle; the shaking grows worse; then the disturbance subsides. The whole performance reminds one of a volcanic eruption.

"Why, I haven't a prayer of making the honor roll this month. No chance at all."



CURTIS GARDNER WATKINS
Gardner, Mass.

General Course

Entered school 1923. Preparing for M. I. T.

President Smoking Club, '23-'24

Dalton Hamor Prize, Baseball, '24

Varsity basket ball, '24, '25

Varsity baseball, '24

Varsity tennis, '24

Tennis doubles, '24

Football squad, '24

"Burr"

"Burr" is from Gardner. If you talk to him five minutes, you will find that out. Incidentally he will tell you how many chairs were made in Gardner the year before and how Gardner stood in the baseball league. Burr is a walking Chamber of Commerce. Burr has rejuvenated the art of moustache growing, which had declined since the days of "Joe" Brock. At least Burr calls it a moustache and prunes and cultivates it every day; but those who view it from a distance notice it not at all, and those who are close are rather doubtful. Typewriting is "Burr's" delight. The hard working boy is always at it (forced to be) and often stays home from town just to typewrite. Ask Mr. Reagan. Burr is a pretty useful man on the basket ball floor and on the baseball diamond, but he cannot play either game without reminding us what a good team Gardner had last year.

"Sure, Gardner beat Fitchburg. They always beat Fitchburg."

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“Andy”



“Mouse”



“White Mouse”



“Jack”



"Pep"



"Al"



"Lawny"



"Burr"

T H E M I L E S T O N E



“Barney”

T H E M I L E S T O N E



CLASS PROPHECY

TWENTY long years had passed since the Class of 1925 left Dummer. It was the summer of 1945; and as I started on a short business trip to Paris, I wondered if I would see any of my old school-mates. I even tried to visualize each one in surroundings befitting his former characteristics; Ray as an eminent professor, maybe; Paul Capron, a renowned author, a man of leisure; Andreani, a noted scientist; Watkins, a financier; and all the others equally successful.

The first step of my trip ended at New York. At one of the many busy news-stands I bought an evening paper, and the large headlines immediately caught my attention. "Jackson Traps Tobacco Smugglers." I unfolded the paper and beheld the familiar features of "Jack." Below the picture was his official title, "Chief Inspector E. R. Jackson of the U. S. Tobacco Prohibition Squad." The title did not seem to fit him, and I wondered what circumstances could possibly have brought him to such a position.

The next morning I left for France on a great trans-Atlantic air liner. While sitting on the deck, I heard the barbarous wail of modern music and wandering inside, I saw the laboring orchestra at one end of the long saloon. The agile antics of the leader, whose back was turned to me, drew my admiration. His urging gestures called forth the utmost efforts of the players, and the frantic waving of his arms produced an harmonious battle of instruments. The piece ended amid shrill notes and sonorous crashes, and the leader turned to his audience and bowed. I immediately recognized my former roommate, "Lornie" Whalen; and I went forward to greet him. He joined me later on the deck, and our conversation in time turned to our old class.

"'Barney' Ray went across on this ship last week," he said.

"Is he some big professor now?" I asked, wondering if my guess had been right.

"A professor," he laughed, "Haven't you heard of 'Ray's Fleet' yet?"

"Oh, a fleet," I said. "I suppose he's in the fishing business."

"Well, not exactly," he replied. "He's the greatest bootlegger the country has ever known. He's made his fortune now though; and I guess he's going to give up his business. I heard him say that he would like to try detective work."

"Barney" as a bootlegger was quite a surprise, but I secretly hoped I would be able to get in touch with him before he went out of business.

"Tell me about 'J. E.'," he said. "I haven't heard of him for years."

"I'll tell you about him," I replied, "but I'm afraid you'll be rather surprised. You see he has his degrees as Doctor of Letters and Doctor of

Philosophy, and he is now studying Paleontology and Neuropathology, and doing a little work in Phagedaenology. He also writes a bit on the side."

This news was, I believe, a little too much even for "Lornie."

I landed at Paris the next morning and went immediately to a hotel. That same afternoon as I was strolling down one of the wide busy streets, I noticed a large gilded sign which read, "Le Palais de la Beauté, Les Artistes Tonsorial, Monsieur C. G. Watkins, Proprietor." I ventured into the shop and asked one of the gesticulating white-garbed assistants if I might see the proprietor.

"Ah, mais non, monsieur," he said, shrugging his shoulders and wringing his hands, "Monsieur Watkins eez at ze meeting of ze Barbaras' Union. They are setting ze new fall styles for ze moustaches."

Moustaches, they did seem more appropriate than finances for Watkins.

"Does he still wear that big moustache himself?" I asked, thinking of his futile efforts at school.

The attendant smiled as he replied, "Ah, non m'sieur, he couldn't make eet grow. But he sets the styles; and they are famous."

I left the shop quite amused with this picture of my former class-mate.

During my stay in Paris I met another of my class-mates, but unfortunate circumstances prevented my acknowledging this recognition. I was sitting on a bench in the Champs-Élysées one warm sunny afternoon when a fanatical looking man came rushing up the walk and dropped on the bench beside me. His unusual features, although hidden by long hair and a drooping beard, reminded me strongly of Andreani, old "Andy Gump" of my class. I was just about to speak to him when he burst forth with a voluble flow of arguments and pleadings. It was Andy, and he didn't recognize me. He tried first to sell me some stock in an airplane company, then the airplanes, then the business, then his invention itself. As he spread his elaborate designs before me, I recalled the encouraging words an expert had once offered on viewing this young man's drawings, "They're all very good, Andy; but you know they won't fly." When a gentle breeze sent him scrambling after an elusive paper, I deemed the opportunity fair for making my escape. I hated to disappoint the poor man, but what could I do with an airplane business!

I decided to return to the United States by water. I took passage on a new American ship, and on the second morning out I had the good fortune to meet the captain and more good fortune to know him. He was Paul Capron, once more commonly known as "Pep." I met him as he came down off the bridge; and recognizing him, I stopped him and made my presence known. He asked the privilege of showing me around his ship, a strange request for the Captain himself to make, I thought; but our tour

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of inspection ended in a secluded corner of the deck where the Captain sank into a chair and lit a long, black, smoky cigar. I sat down beside him, and he began to talk about his ship. She was the greatest ship he had ever had, he told me. He named his former ships, five in all, some of which I knew; and now he said he had the greatest of them all.

My congratulations on his complete success were interrupted by the appearance of an officer accompanied by two brutal looking sailors. The Captain jumped up and, to my great surprise, started down the deck on a dead run pursued by the two sailors. I looked up to the officer for an explanation. But — he was a Captain, too.

"I'm very sorry if my steward has annoyed you, Sir," he said. "You see he likes to make people think he is Captain; and this morning he took one of my uniforms and some of my cigars, and I have just found him. If he has bothered you, Sir, he will be punished."

I assured him that I had not been annoyed, but for the rest of the journey I made it a point to keep away from the Captain's steward.

Arriving in New York, I took a taxi from the dock to my hotel. Speeding down Forty-second Street, we were suddenly smashed on the side by another taxi. A large portly man jumped out and began to abuse my driver. I heard him give his name to his driver as Mr. Albert W. Horr. Here was another classmate, but it was an abrupt way to meet him. Suddenly two pretty young girls got out of his taxi, chorus girls maybe, or stenographers. Having a natural aversion to such creatures, I made a hasty escape and took another taxi to the hotel.

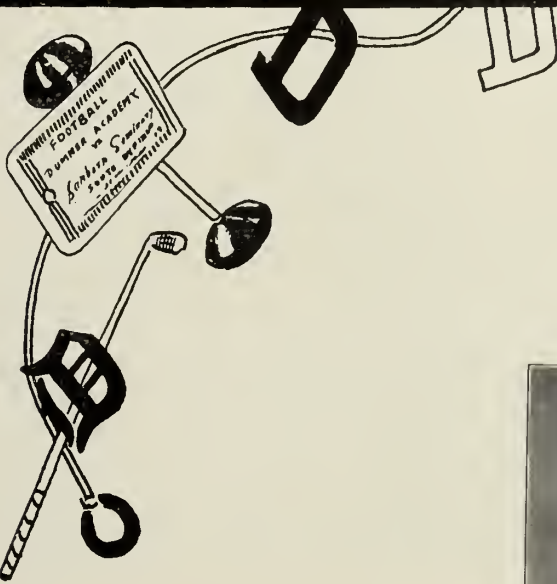
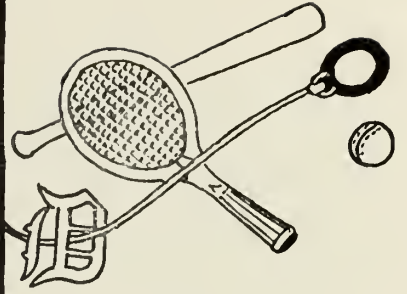
On my way from New York to my home, I thought a great deal of the trip I had taken. I had seen or heard of all my Dummer class-mates; was I satisfied? I think I was a little disappointed with some, but I was glad to find that all were happy at the work they had chosen.



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JUNIORS



GERALD MAY, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

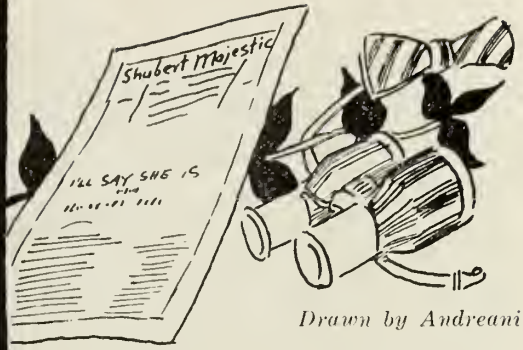
Gerald May.....	President
Lawrence W. Kenney.....	Vice-President
George Phillips.....	Secretary-Treasurer
Frederick C. Alexander.....	Historian

CLASS ROLL

Alexander, Frederick, Jr.
 Allen, Reid Dennet
 Arnold, William Percy, Jr.
 Brown, Daniel Adams
 Forsberg, Nils Edward
 Hinds, John Winthrop
 Kenney, Lawrence Wilbur
 Kenney, William Howland, 2nd

May, Gerald
 McGinley, Robert James
 McHutchison, James Edgar
 Phillips, George Lewis
 Schultz, Norman
 Sleeper, Ralph Emerton
 Steele, Samuel Elbert
 White, Wesley John

SOPHS



Drawn by Andreani



FRANK LEE McKINNEY, President

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John Philip English	Secretary
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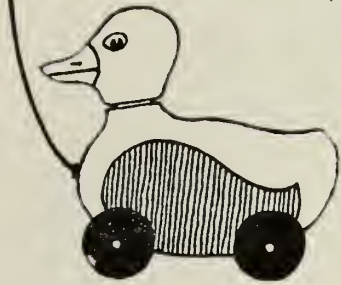
CLASS ROLL

Brown, Lawrence Cushing
 Budgell, Walter James
 Chase, Roland Phillips
 Cox, Elvin Hathaway
 Davis, Ansel Bradeen
 Derby, Philander Greenwood
 Emerson, Richard
 English, John Philip
 Fearnside, Thomas Astley
 Haley, George Murchie,

Hall, Daniel
 Hamilton, Russell Dike
 Jackson, Eben
 Lawson, Leonard Stuart
 Matthes, Adolph Louis
 McKinney, Frank Lee
 Sawyer, Lawrence White
 Sloane, Ronald Robie
 Terhune, Phillips Glover



Drawn by R. Andreani



CHARLES HAMILTON AYRES
President

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Edward Garfield Hart.....	Historian

CLASS ROLL

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 Ayres, Charles Hamilton
 Fitzsimmons, Robert Lafond
 Gove, Karl John Edward

Hart, Edward Garfield
 Ladds, George Gordon
 Lovett, Roy William
 Schultz, Conway

JUNIOR- SCHOOL



Drawn by R Andreani



KENNETH CLEVELAND BELL
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Chandler, John Parker Hale, Jr.	Smith, Talbot
Cole, Harry, Jr.	Steinharter, Lawrence Charles
Cox, Mann Ulric	Watt, Gerry Stevens,
Frohock, Joseph Atkinson, Jr.	Whitehead, Walter, Jr.
Haag, Jesse Robert	

SPECIAL STUDENTS

Bridges, John Samuel, 3rd
Hall, Roland

Ruiz, Francis

HONOR ROLL

UPPER SCHOOL

Alexander, Frederick, C.
Andreani, Roberto
Bridges, John Samuel, 3rd
Brown, Daniel Adams
Budgell, Walter James
Capron, Paul, Jr.
Hamilton, Russell Dike
Hinds, John Winthrop

Ladds, George Gordon
Lawson, Leonard Stuart
May, Gerald
McGinley, Robert James
McKinney, Frank Lee
Morse, Cyrus Farley
Ray, Clifford Spalding

LOWER SCHOOL

Bell, Kenneth Cleveland
Chandler, John Parker Hale, Jr.
Cox, Mann Ulric

Haag, Jesse Robert
Steinarter, Lawrence Charles



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LITERATURE



PAUL CAPRON, JR.
"Coincidence"

FIRST PRIZE
Milestone Short Story Contest



RUSSEL DIKE HAMILTON
"Cat"

SECOND PRIZE
Milestone Short Story Contest

COINCIDENCE

A WARM breeze played tag for an instant with the very highest twigs of the tree which formed the back of Pandora's seat, rustling them gently. This tree grew quite near the edge of the cliff and apart from the tangle of bushes and saplings, pulling itself away from the common herd, as it were, exactly like a snobbish woman at a gathering in the Italian quarter. Pandora had often wondered how it had managed to withstand the winter gales which swept the coast. Her thoughts on this particular evening, however, were far from winter storms and weather-beaten trees. She was thinking, as she usually was, of the sea and of what lay beyond it. She longed to be, as Kipling expresses it, "on the long trail, the out trail, the trail that is always new."

Pandora was homesick. She wanted India, the land of her birth, with all the ardor of one who has not been home for years. Pandora barely

remembered the baking, parched earth of the plains and the cool green of the hills. She could scarcely remember her *ayah* or the bungalow at Simla, but she could remember enough to make her feel homesick and lonesome and neglected. Her father had been to England only three times on what seemed terribly short leaves, and her mother had died when she was born. It was not that her aunt didn't love her, or that that poor lady did not do her best for the child, but Pandora's aunt was a very matter of fact old lady who took things very much for granted, and she did not understand Pandora at all.

Pandora sat and dreamed of the time when her father would come and take her back with him, that she might keep house for him. That time, he had intimated in his last letter, was not very far distant; and that thought encouraged Pandora. So she sat and gazed across the channel as the Danish women used to gaze, waiting for him to return.

The moon threw its spotlight directly on a rock which lay in the water just within jumping distance of the little beach at the foot of the cliff. Upon this rock someone was sitting, staring steadily at the waters of the channel. Pandora could see only his head; and at first she did not notice that it was not the rock itself, until she remembered that there was no rock which could be seen from her accustomed seat. She ran over to the edge of the cliff and looked down. The occupant of the rock was poised ready to jump ashore. He leaped and started to clamber up a fissure in the cliff. Pandora's first thought was to run, but the curiosity which brought about the introduction of evil into the world in both the Bible story and the Greek myth held her. She felt incensed at this intrusion upon her private retreat; but at the same time she was curious to see what the intruder looked like, which motive, to say the least, was truly feminine. Perhaps she had better run after all, she thought. She stood hesitating, like some ephemeral spirit about to vanish into the clouds. After some hesitation she decided that it would be cowardly to run away, and thus salved her conscience. By this time the climber had almost reached the top of the cliff. The night was very still, except for that errant breeze that was playing softly about in the tree tops.

A hand emerged from the void below the cliff and felt about for a purchase. Its mate followed it, and soon a head and shoulders appeared. A wriggle, and a boy clad in flannels, his shirt open at the neck, stood up, a light blur against the black emptiness behind him.

"How do you do," said Pandora, rather frigidly. It would not do to let this boy see how much she wanted to know him.

"Oh, how do you do," returned the boy, quite as casually as if he had expected to find someone waiting for him at the top of the cliff. "I hope I'm not intruding."

"O no, I was about to go."

"Ah," said the boy, a bit embarrassed. "But perhaps I can help you through these abominable bushes?"

"I've been here before, thank you." Pandora tried to be as chilling as she could, but her loneliness would assert itself, and she looked rather forlorn as she stood there, in spite of her apparent coolness. Besides, her voice quavered a bit at the end. He looked like such a nice boy, and she wanted a friend so. She didn't have even a dog. She half hoped, half feared that he had heard the quaver in her voice and had interpreted it correctly. One side of her nature, the warm, impulsive side, hoped that he might come forward and say, "I feel that you're lonely and need some one, rude as it is to say so. Won't you put aside conventions and be friends?" The other side of her, the shy and reserved side, shrank from such a thing. That night her lonesomeness was worse than ever before, and she wished she had not been so rude to that boy. Very probably she would never be able to make friends with him.

The next night she was later than usual in reaching her retreat, and she did not expect to find her trespasser on his rock. She looked, however, after a little struggle with her pride. He was there. He looked unhappy. He sat drooped, his chin in his hand. Pandora thought that he looked rather "little boyish," and she longed to comfort him and sympathize with him. Perhaps he was homesick; and if he were, Pandora could appreciate as no one else his feeling, she who had been exiled for so long. An impulse swept over her to climb down the cliff and apologize for her coolness of the night before. Pride rebelled, but friendliness would not obey the mandates of pride; and Pandora found herself scrambling down the cliff in a very undignified manner. The occupant of the rock had heard her and leaped ashore. One last little jump and Pandora stood beside him. She turned toward him and said hurriedly, "I felt that perhaps I had hurt you or offended you by my coldness last night and I want to apologize. I hope I'm not intruding."

The boy looked at her eagerly, "I was afraid *you* had been offended," he replied almost joyously. "Your voice sounded as if you were shocked. May I introduce myself? I am Jerry Deraid, from Cape Colony. My parents have sent me here to go to school, and I am spending my holidays here with some relatives. There you have the whole thing. The relatives don't like me because I look like my mother, of whom they never approved. As a result I am left all alone, and I do not find my own company congenial for days at a time."

"I am just the person to sympathize with you. I'm in exactly the same case, all alone. Father's stationed in India," she added, by way of explana-

tion. "This is the first summer I've been here," she went on. "I used to stay with another aunt, a young married one. She was awfully jolly and she was always doing things for me, but only a month ago she chased off to Switzerland for the summer and I was dumped down here. Aunt Mary means well too, I suppose; but apparently she expects me to sew, or knit, or read Jane Austen all day."

"But you haven't told me your name!"

"It's Pandora. Pandora Wells. But I must go. Is there any other way except up that awful cliff?"

"Yes, but it's quite half a mile down the beach. There are steps in the cliff."

They walked down the beach in silence. There were steps in the rock and a rope to steady one, much to Pandora's joy, for she was not too good a climber. They climbed up and started back along a wood road some distance from the cliff, Jerry showing the way. Finally he left the road and turned toward the cliff. Presently he said, "Here's the entrance to your tunnel, *our* tunnel, if you'll allow me; and I'll leave you here. I think I know where I can get a boat, if you can come after lunch tomorrow."

"Lovely, I'll be here, if I can escape," said Pandora, delighting in this breaking of conventions.

* * * * *

"They say Cleopatra was a blonde," remarked Jerry, gazing in a very preoccupied manner at Pandora's straight, light hair.

"It is hardly complimentary to be compared to Cleopatra, is it?"

"Why? She was a great beauty, wasn't she? I was only comparing you in that way, you know."

It was one of those hot, sticky days with scarcely any wind, a day when it was a sin to do anything but lie on one's back and trail one's fingers in the water. Jerry and Pandora were drifting lazily in a little skiff. Pandora sat in the stern surrounded by cushions, idly gazing over the water. Jerry leaned back in the bow, looking through half shut eyes at Pandora and thinking how soon this joy would be over. Their intimacy had progressed amazingly in those last few days.

For some time neither broke the silence. Jerry cared only to sit and look at Pandora, and apparently the effort of conversation was too much for Pandora after her venture on the subject of Cleopatra. They had talked a great deal before that, however. Jerry had told Pandora of South Africa, and Pandora talked of the little she remembered of India. They talked of books and art and marriage. Pandora said that she believed firmly in marriage, but that a wife should never interfere or have anything to do

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with her husband's business. "For," said Pandora, "though a woman may inspire a man to do his finest work, she often proves a great obstacle to his doing it."

Jerry told her that his ambition was to write. "I never seem to pass any exams," said he, "but I can get my stuff into the school magazine." Finally Jerry spoke, "I am going away tomorrow, Pandora," he said.

"Oh, no! Why? Are your holidays over so soon?"

"I'm afraid so. Tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't think you would care much."

"But I do care, you know I do. Must I tell you that? You've been so good to me. But for you I do not know what I should have done. I don't know what I shall do — after tomorrow."

"It's you who have helped me. But I shall be back, next holidays, if I can stick it out in school. These days have been perfect, too perfect to be real. 'A book of verse, a jug of wine, and thou, surely wilderness were paradise enow.'"

"But by next holidays I shall be in India, I think. Father has been writing that he is coming for me in a few weeks."

"Oh Lord," Jerry groaned. "But we shall see each other again sometime. We must."

It was getting late; the sun was sinking. Jerry paddled in a dazed manner toward shore. The stern grated on the beach and Pandora jumped out.

"Come on, Jerry," she said. "But don't be so mournful. We shall, as you say, see each other again, I know we shall."

Jerry stepped out and tied up the little boat. Then he and Pandora walked slowly down the beach. At the entrance to the tunnel they stood silent a moment, then Jerry said, his voice shaking in spite of him, "Goodbye, Pandora." Pandora said nothing, for she hardly trusted herself to speak. Instead she drew Jerry's head down and kissed him. Then she ran away. Jerry stood there for a few seconds; then he turned and walked very slowly away. Sluggishly as he walked, however, he twice walked into trees, and once he caught his foot and fell headlong. He did not seem to notice these things, but merely brushed himself off, and walked absently on. He climbed down the cliff and sat on his rock, his chin in his hands, looking toward India. He was very depressed and unhappy, but a strange exaltation caught him

* * * * *

A very dusty and very tired traveller climbed stiffly out of a train. He had been in that train a long time, and it was very hot. Also the ice had

given out several days before. A luke warm whiskey and soda is not comfort to the soul, nor is it good for the digestion. The traveller was evidently in a very poor humor. So much so that he almost lost his temper at the poor little fellow who carried his baggage to the cart. Many of the world's tragedies have been caused by indigestion.

"What a hell-hole to live in," growled the dusty one. The place was certainly hot enough to answer the description. "I suppose I'll have to camp till I can get a bungalow."

"I have made inquiry, sahib," said his servant, "and there is an Anglo-Indian Club here at which you can stay."

"Which probably means an overgrown bungalow with a few condemned souls like myself sitting about sipping brandy pegs."

His surmise was correct as far as the building went, for it was an overgrown bungalow with a large verandah. Instead of a few men about he walked right into an excited conclave.

"Hello," one said and added, "You're just in time. There's a costume ball tonight, the only amusement we shall have for weeks."

"A costume ball tonight? You mean to tell me that there are women in this place? Why, I didn't think anything more delicate than a horse could live here."

"Oh, it's not so bad when you get used to it. Besides, there's a regiment quartered nearby, and it's they who are giving the ball."

"Well, I certainly have put my foot in it. How d'you expect me to find a costume in time?"

"Oh, that's all right. When we heard you were coming we said, 'Now, maybe he'll want to go to the hop,' so we fixed you up a costume."

"What is it?"

"An Austrian cavalry uniform. The Lord only knows where it came from, but here it is, and very fine looking, too."

"It'll be hotter than blue Hades," objected the late arrival.

"No, no, It's quite cool here at night. You'd be surprised."

"I certainly should. Whew! I'm a wreck. Ice gave out on the train. Nearly parched to death. Where does one bathe?"

After a bath, a shave, and a change of raiment the traveller felt a great deal better, as he remarked to the man who had been so hospitable.

"Your name?" asked the latter.

"Deraid, Jerry Deraid."

"Well, this is 'Rabbit' Williams, 'Horse' Henderson,—" he went around the company. "My own's Halligan."

A little later the two were talking on the verandah about the hop.

"Let me give you a bit of advice. Don't fall for the Colonel's daughter.

She'll be the best looking girl there, and you probably will. If you do — tough luck. She'll walk with you, talk with you, sit with you, but beyond that — She'll die an old maid for all her looks." Jerry laughed.

"Oh, some one'll come along," he said. "You needn't feel worried about me, though. I'm no ladies' man."

Jerry walked into the ball room feeling a bit uncomfortable in his Austrian uniform, for it was rather tight across the shoulders.

"I'll introduce you to her right off and let nature take its course. The sooner you get it, the sooner you'll be over it," said Halligan piloting Jerry toward a girl who, though tanned considerably from riding in the sun, was very pretty. Jerry started. "Just a coincidence, I suppose. By Jove, she does look like her though," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing. She is good looking, isn't she?" he said in his friend's ear

"Mr. Deraid, Miss Wells."

"How do you do, Jerry," said Pandora with a little catch in her voice. "I told you we'd meet sometime."

* * * * *

When Halligan stepped out some time later for a smoke he saw two heads silhouetted very carelessly against the moon. He said something that was not quite audible, then, "And he said he was no ladies' man!"

CAT !

WE ancient Romans knew our game; at least, we knew enough to put the cat out at night."

As I, bust of Julius Caesar, surveyed Sargent Hall, I recalled the events that occurred exactly two months ago. Sargent Hall was plunged in Stygian blackness except for one island of moonlight on the broad desk before me. I was wondering why there was but one spot of it only when I noticed that all the curtains were down. I was just going to hail my companion, Cicero, when I heard the door creak down at the other end of the hall. Now there are all kinds of noises in this building by night. In fact, enough to make an ordinary mortal's hair stand on end; but I am so used to them that I take no notice unless there is a new one. That creak stood out from the medley of sounds as something different. It was queer that Cicero did not hear it, for usually he is awake to such things. He was probably asleep dreaming about some oration that would denounce Cataline

to the end of his days. That's the only thing I ever had against Cicero. He was one of those orators who did nothing but talk, and he always picked on either Cataline or Carthage. You all know what an orator is, no doubt. He is a fellow who is always willing to give your life for his country.

Directly following this singular creak there was a soft pad, pad of feet coming down the center aisle. A sudden gust of wind set the whole building shrieking its protests in the form of loud creaks and groans; and when silence reigned once more, the stealthy footsteps had ceased. A mouse scampered across the floor below me, and the cold shivers stopped chasing each other up and down what is left of my spine. Suddenly there was a thud, an agonized squeak, and a sound of scuffling under the desk. Silence; and then once more the pad, pad of someone or something walking on cushioned feet. It went around in front of the desk and stopped in front of Cicero while I nearly fell off my shelf to see what it was. The suspense was beginning to grow unbearable when the walking continued, making an excursion of the room on the tops of the desks. Finally the walking jumped onto the broad desk before me and stopped. The cold shivers on my spine accelerated, and the hairs on the back of my neck were beginning to rise when there walked into the moonlight, bearing a dead mouse in its mouth, a cat.

It was a middle-sized cat looking well fed, although not fat, with splashes of grayish brown here and there on its white body. It dropped the mouse, sat down on its haunches, and stared up at me, switching its tail back and forth in a manner most insulting to my dignity.

"Cat," said I, "cease the movements of thy tail."

"Cat" did nothing of the sort, but regarded me with an insolent stare, as if to say, "If you'll talk United States, I may listen to you."

This was most impolite, and I took it as a gross insult.

"Cat," I repeated, giving it an icy look, "get out of here."

"Aw," was the submitted reply via the scornful stare, "go take a run for yourself."

I was forced to swallow that without replying; and when the feline picked up the mouse and leaped on to my very pedestal, I was exceedingly angry. My worst enemy, Cato, never resorted to open affront. Shoving me forward to the very edge of the shelf it proceeded to sharpen its claws in my back, much to my discomfort, and failing in this tried with equal results to do the same thing in the wall. Then standing on its hind legs it deposited the mouse on my head, and returned to the desk, where it reviewed its work. When it finally bestowed on me the tribute of a "maow" and left the room, I considered it a good riddance.

In the morning as usual the younger generation arrived earliest. Two of

them came and sat drumming their legs on the desk in front of me.

"What's your opinion of the temporary head-master?" asked one, the smaller of the two.

"Ole crab," grumbled the other, "He tacks enough new rules onto the regular ones to stock a warehouse."

"You said it," agreed his companion, "I'll bet if——." His sentence was never finished, for at that minute he looked up at me and burst into laughter.

"Oh, look what happened to old Ivory Head." That's what they called me, Ivory Head.

In a minute everyone was laughing at me, and the room was in an uproar when in came the temporary head-master. He was a fairly young man with a dark complexion and curly nut brown hair. (I'll take the liberty to call him "Curly" since I never knew his name.) He also had brown eyes, a smiling mouth, and a long nose. He was dressed in well-fitting, but not flashy clothes.

At the end of chapel he got up and wanted to know who had affronted my dignity. No one answered, and the room was as quiet as the Temple of Janus (if it is still standing) in times of peace.

"Very well," concluded Curly, "since no one will confess, I will say no more about it; but I do not want it to happen again."

"Hm," he mused when removing the mouse later, "It must have been caught by a cat, for it's all clawed up."

"Yes, Mr. Detective," I said to myself, "it was caught by a cat all right; and if I ever lay hands on the cat that did it, there is going to be a cremation around this place." I was so wrought up over the affair that I forgot that I had no hands to lay; and when I did remember a while later, it only served to make me madder. For me, Julius Caesar, to be made fun of by a cat and do nothing about it! Impossible!

That night I told Cicero the whole matter only to discover that he had been awake all night and knew everything there was to know about it. Then he started an oration against Cataline, Carthage, and cats; and I prepared for a long and tedious bombardment. About in the middle of it he let it slip out that he had been scared stiff and hoped that he had seen the last of that ferocious cat. I got a good laugh out of that, for back in Rome he was always boasting about what he would do if he got the chance.

When two weeks had passed, the cat on a similar night again dropped a calling card in the form of two mice. This time it pressed them right down on my head so that the blood ran all over my face. Tonight, however, Cicero did justice to some of his boasting in the way of talking. A veritable Niagara of abuse against the "gens felis" in general, burst forth from him.

Cat, however, paid him no more attention than a column in a temple, but completed its mischief and left as before. The next morning Curly talked for five minutes about my decorations and ordered the whole school to come back that afternoon until he found out who had done it. They were there all afternoon with Curly sitting at the desk as stern as a judge. At the end of the session he announced that they would be up there every afternoon until the matter was cleared up. They were, and the school was charged with suspicion for three days.

Then I cleared up the whole matter. Cat made another nightly excursion and this time carried its pranks too far. Having caught five mice, it jumped upon my shoulders with sufficient impetus so as to destroy my balance and its own. Cat slipped from my shoulders and passed the pedestal just as gravity laid its hold upon me. Therefore, I fell squarely upon it, knocking it over with my neck across its stomach.

"Well, cat," said I, "I have thee. You're not leaving here until morning." The only person to mar my perfect enjoyment of the situation was Cicero. He laughed so hard that I thought he would fall off the shelf and told him so.

"I would'nt talk," he said, "Lucky were not broken." (I guess I was at that.)

Curly found me there in the morning with the plaster half clawed out of my neck, and cat greedily trying to get more. If given the chance, it might have got free by night. That is how the thing was cleared up, and I think cat got off pretty easily. Curly picked me up and carried me down to the shop leaving cat to do what it could. Cicero told me afterwards that about everything movable except himself was thrown at it. I would like to have been there to laugh at it.

That all goes to show what a cat can do if it has the brains. Take my advice and keep your cat locked up at night, or you may get into trouble.



ODE

M. A. Kilvert

(Tune—Fair Harvard)

Once more we unite in the shade of these trees,
 In this spot to our memory dear;
 While the voice of old comrades is borne on the breeze
 To us who are gathering here.
 O Dummer, fair Dummer, we come back to thee,
 As children returned from afar
 To the mother who cherished and taught them to be
 True men, whom no baseness should mar.
 It is long since we left thy safe sheltering arm,
 To battle for thee and for Right;
 But thy sons have preserved thy dear honor from harm,
 Though many have fallen in fight.
 O Mother, today as we stand at thy knee,
 Thy children again as of yore,
 We ask but a fresh inspiration from thee,
 To ennoble our lives evermore.

ON THE FIELD

(Tune—The Caisson Song)

On the field, never yield,
 As we drive our victory home,
 For old Dummer goes striding ahead.
 Hear them roar, more and more,
 Plunge right through and make a score
 While old Dummer goes striding ahead.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hee! On the field for victory,
 Shout out your signals—shift and spread,
 Hit the line hard, be upon your guard,
 For old Dummer goes striding ahead.

YARD BY YARD

Yard by yard we'll fight our way,
 Through Powder Point's line;
 Every man in every play,
 Striving all the time;
 Cheer on cheer will rend the air,
 All behind our men;
 We'll fight for dear old Dummer,
 And win and win again.

DUMMER CHEER

D-u-m-m-e-r, D-u-m-m-e-r,
 Dummer, Dummer, Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Team! Team! Team!



Drawn by R Andreani

T H E M I L E S T O N E



CAPTAINS

Lawrence Whalen	Track
Nils Forsberg	{ Football
	{ Hockey
John Hinds	{ Baseball
	{ Basket Ball

T H E M I L E S T O N E



MANAGERS

Mr. Farrell.....	Faculty Manager
Eben Jackson.....	{ Football
	{ Hockey
Charles Ayres.....	Baseball
Clifford Ray.....	Basket Ball
Roland Hall.....	Track



FOOTBALL TEAM

Nils Forsberg..... Captain
 Mr. Temple..... Coach
 Eben Jackson..... Manager

THE TEAM

Standing: Jackson; Capron, lhb; Phillips, lg; Horr, fb; White, lhb; Hinds, rhb; Mr. Temple.
 Sitting: Emerson, re; Bridges, c; Arnold, c; Kenney, W. H., rg; Forsberg, rt; Schultz, lg; Whalen, lt; Ruizle; Kenney, L. W., qb.

FOOTBALL

THIS year's team was the third memorable one in recent years. Captain Forsberg led his team successfully through a long dusty season, and the team won six games out of an exceedingly tough schedule of eight. Out of last year's successful team Forsberg, Hinds, Whalen, W. H. Kenney, and Capron were left. Forsberg was moved from center to

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tackle, and Bill Arnold played center the whole season. This boy was heavy and passed well, making a valuable addition to the line. Norman Schultz, who played on the second team last year, took a regular place at guard, and Bill Kenney a veteran, and Bridges alternated at the other guard position. Whalen retained his former position at left tackle and proved invaluable on tackle around plays and end runs, for he always gained eight or ten yards at a dash. Every once in a while, he got off for from thirty to eighty yards, sometimes dashing half the length of the field.

The ends were both new men. Emerson, the right end, was a bit light; but he showed lots of fight and was a good tackler. Ruiz started the season in complete ignorance of football, but he soon picked up the game and gained a first team berth at left end. He was fast and fairly heavy; he could catch passes; and he was a sure tackler. Great credit should be given him for his quick learning. He worked hard all season.

In the backfield, Hinds still struck terror into the hearts of the enemy from his position at half back. Both fast and heavy he was a sure gainer, and the mainstay of the backfield.

“Larry” Kenney at quarterback, made up for his lack of size by an abundance of speed and fight. He was a shifty runner and a good defense man.

The other halfback, White, although rather light, was fast and a hard sure tackler.

Capron started at fullback; but along in the middle of the season, he began to slow up, and Horr finished the season in his place. “Al” was a steady and dependable player and a good man in the backfield.

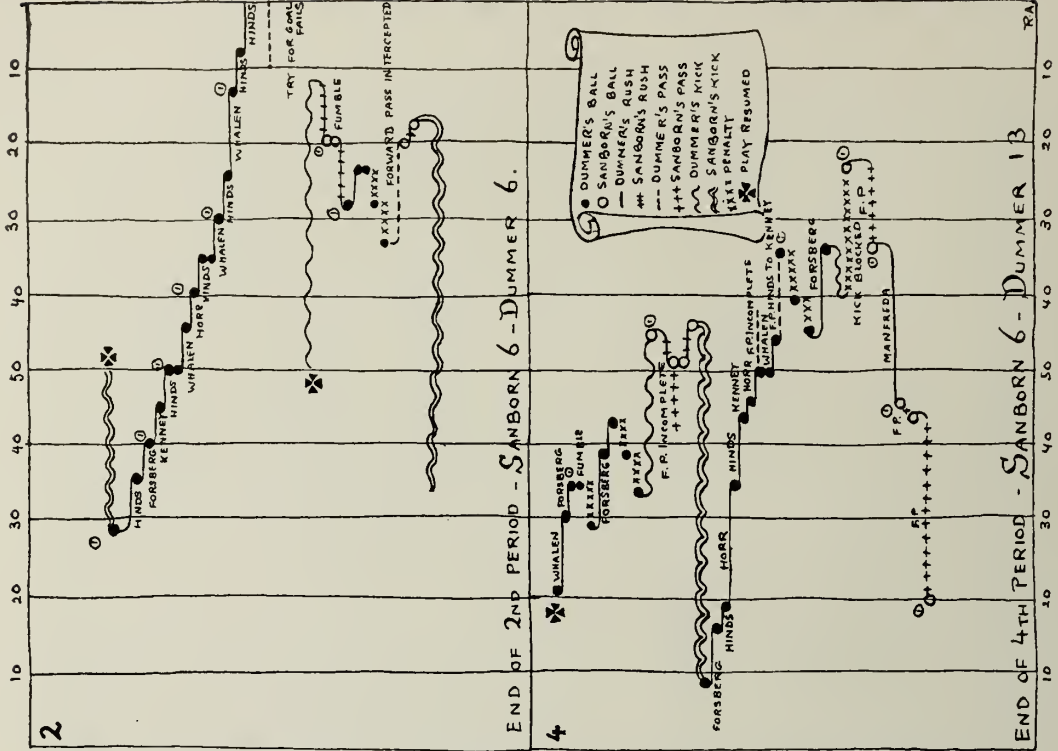
Phillips surprised everyone by coming through in the line. We had always thought of him as a roly-poly kid, but this year he was discovered to be hard as a rock and has hard to move as a church.

Derby developed into a good lineman, too, before the season was over, and he got in there in plenty of time to win his letter.

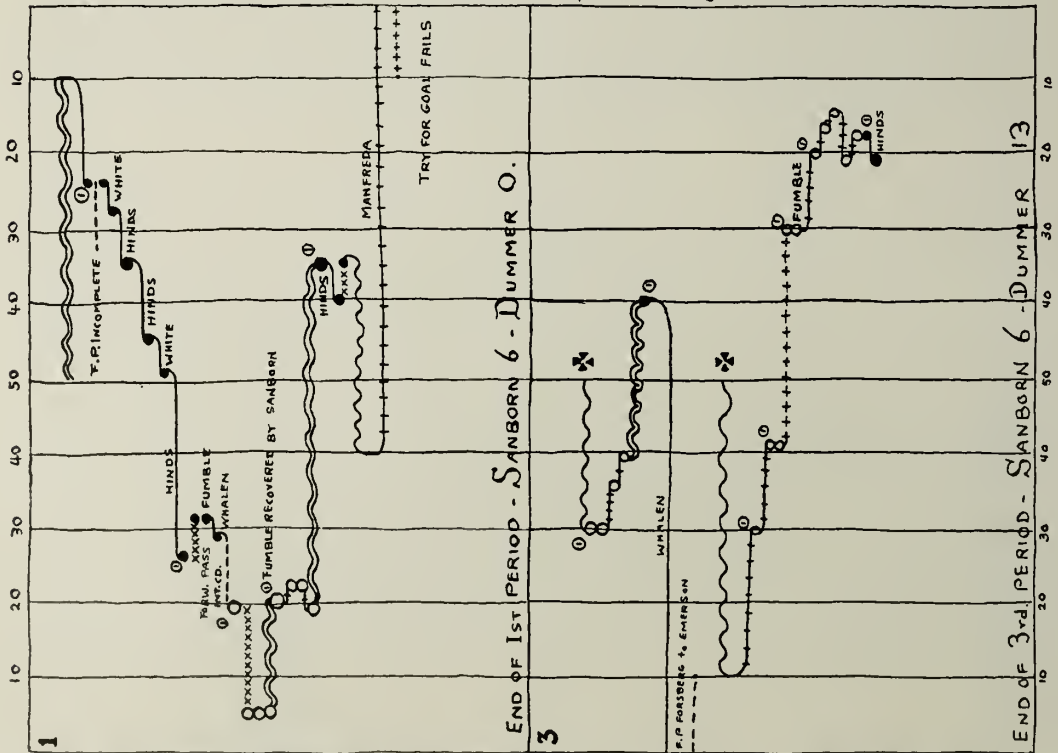
Now we come to Captain Forsberg, whom we have scarcely mentioned before. “Swede” did all the kicking for his team besides playing tackle, backing up the line, and occasionally running with the ball. Those who have seen him play will remember those smashing diving tackles, that straight arm, his drop kicking and punting. Things that counted just as much, however, were his hard steady line game and the fighting spirit with which he inspired the team.

To Mr. Temple a great deal of the credit is due. He developed many green players into regulars and devised plays that had our opponents guessing all the time. He taught the team those plays, too, so that everyone knew his job. His record is remarkable in that no serious injuries marred the season; and this is especially remarkable as this season was so long and hot, and the schedule was so tough. “He who plays hardest is seldom hurt” was his motto.

SANBORN SEMINARY



DUMMER ACADEMY



SANBORN SEMINARY



BASKET BALL

John Hinds.....	Captain
Mr. Reagan.....	Coach
Clifford Ray.....	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing: Mr. Reagan; Horr, rf; Whalen, c; Forsberg, rg; Arnold, lg; Ray.
 Sitting: Fitzsimmons, lf; Watkins, lf; Hinds, rf; Ruiz, lf; Morse, C. F., rg.

BASKET BALL

CAPTAIN HINDS led his team through a very successful season this year. Four veterans returned, and a great deal of new material turned out. Mr. Reagan developed several of these men into good players, many of whom will return next year. This was Hinds' second year as captain and undoubtedly the more successful. Out of twelve games, the

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team came through in eight. They scored a total of 373 points against a total of 288 for the opponents.

Hinds was at his old position, right forward; and he played a better game this year than ever before. He was right in there all the time following the ball around. He usually got it too. Ruiz surprised everyone. He played basket-ball for the first time last year. This year he was the best guard Dummer has seen in a long while. He later moved to forward. Some of his shots were sensations, and he finished second highest point scorer with a total of 83 points. Whalen played center this year. He was probably the best shot on the team, being high scorer with a total of 139 points. Time after time he would break loose, dribble a little, then boost in a short shot. He was also rather accurate at long range. "Lawny" undoubtedly contributed a great deal to make the team the scoring machine it was. Watkins has a good basketball build. Though small he is quick and fast and a good passer. He contributed a good many baskets to the total. Fitzsimmons was another surprise. Fitz is only a freshman, but he is a natural basket ball player, a good passer, and an accurate shot. "Bill" Arnold played a good steady defense game this year, every once in a while coming up the floor to pop in a basket. He worked hard, and to him and Forsberg and Ruiz can be ascribed the low scores of our opponents in a good many games. "Swede" Forsberg carried his faculty for working hard and doing his best into basket ball. Though he seldom tried for the basket, his defense contributed considerably. "Al" Horr was a man of all work on the team. He played any position in which he was needed, and he played them all well. "Al" is a good shot, a good defense man, and a fair center though not quite tall enough. C. F. Morse played his first season this year, but he worked hard and during the latter half of the season made a good guard.

This was the best team Dummer has had for some time, and the efforts of Coach Reagan were a great factor in making it such. Next year there ought to be a banner team; for Hinds, Ruiz, Forsberg, Arnold, and Fitzsimmons do not graduate.



T H E M I L E S T O N E



TRACK

Lawrence Whalen	Captain
Mr. W. B. Skerrye	Coach
Roland Hall	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing: Mr. W. B. Skerrye; Cox, E.; Horr; White; Hall, R.
 Sitting: Forsberg; Ruiz; Whalen; Kenney, L. W.; Hinds.

TRACK

THE Track Team of Dummer came through the season of 1925 with a record unscathed. Two of the last year's letter men, Captain Whalen and Hinds, reported to the first tryouts with a great deal of untried and green material. The newcomers were promising, and with the men of last year, Coach W. B. Skerrye, hoped to build up a successful

T H E M I L E S T O N E

track team. Many of the men who failed to get their much coveted letters last year came forth at the opening of the season seething with the ambition of making a track letter this year.

Early in the month of December, 1924, intermural track meets were held in which each man who aspired to make the team had a chance to demonstrate his abilities. These meets brought out surprising results and gave promise of a good team. Captain Whalen, Hinds, Ruiz, and Forsberg of last year's squad showed up exceptionally well as did White and McGinley of the newcomers of the school. The winners of the events in this meet were awarded medals before the Christmas vacation. The 1000-yd. run was won by White; the 600 by White; the 300 by Whalen and the 20-yd. dash by McGinley. The shot put and the high jump which were held in the gym, were won by McGinley and Terhune respectively. A good relay combination was seen in Hinds, Cox, Ruiz, Whalen, and L. Kenney.

The first meet of the season was held with Ipswich High School here. This was practically a tryout for the track squad. The Ipswich team was recently organized and wanted to try their mettle against a strong team. White, Ruiz, L. Kenney, and Hinds showed up exceptionally well. The meet was overwhelmingly won by Dummer.

The first and only time Coach Skerrye led his proteges against active competition was when the team met Malden High School's Track team at Dummer. The twenty yard dash was entirely a Dummer event. Whalen and Hinds were away quick in the 300-yd. dash and captured 1st and 2nd places respectively. Malden placed third. The 600-yd. dash was won by Malden which took the first two places. White of Dummer was crowded on a corner, put out of his stride, but managed to take 3d place. The 1000-yd. run was won by Malden. White again took 3d place. The running high jump became a battle between Ruiz of Dummer and Melanson and Benjamin of Malden all three tied at 5 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The points for this event were split. The shot put was won by Hinds, 38 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, Forsberg 2nd, and Melanson of Malden 3d. Hinds' put broke the existing school record of Judd (1923) of 37 feet 6 inches. The relay was won by a good margin by Ruiz, Hinds, Whalen, and Cox.



T H E M I L E S T O N E



BASEBALL

John Hinds	Captain
Mr. Reagan	Coach
Charles Ayres	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing: Mr. Reagan; Sleeper, lf; Derby, lf; Forsberg, c; Ayres.
 Sitting: Hart, ss; Watkins, lb; Morse, J. E., rf; Hinds, 2b; McGinley, p, cf; White, p, cf; Kenney, L. W., 3b.

BASEBALL

THE prospects of a winning baseball team this year are very good. So far only two games have been played and we have lost both of them, but they were early season games, and both our adversaries had unusually good teams. Groton beat us ten to five, but the game showed us some encouraging facts about our team. McGinley slammed

T H E M I L E S T O N E

out two home runs, but he failed to touch second on one of them and was forced to go back.

For pitchers, we have McGinley, White, and Fitzsimmons. McGinley has pitched very well, allowing but few hits and keeping them scattered. White strained his arm during the first of the season, but from what we saw of him at first we expect great things of him. McGinley is a pitcher who can hit. He has accounted for a homer, a triple, and a double so far, an enviable record. Fitzsimmons is inexperienced, but he is working hard and ought to do some pitching before the end of the season.

Hinds was shifted from second to the receiving position after the Groton game, and he played a fine game there against DeWitt. He has a fast, accurate peg, and he knows how to get the most out of a pitcher.

Emerson is a bit green at second, but with practice he ought to be a good second baseman. He is a good hitter.

Hart is a good shortstop, and he hits very dependably. He scoops up grounders like a leaguer and he has a good fast peg.

Phil Derby and Larry Kenney are having a close race for third, with Derby slightly in the lead. Derby has the better peg and Larry is inclined to be a bit too nervous.

In the outfield we have Sleeper, Sawyer, McGinley, when he is not pitching, J. E. Morse, and Forsberg. With practice, three of these boys should develop into good outfielders. At present McGinley is the only really good fielder among them. Forsberg hasn't played in the outfield for two years, but practice should bring him back to his former stride. Sleeper made good last year, but he is a bit weak on hitting. J. E. Morse is a good bunter and a steady fielder, and he will probably hold down his position easily.

The season looks good for captain Hinds and his team, and Mr. Reagan has a right to feel optimistic.

The schedule:

April 18	Dummer Academy	5	Groton	10	at Groton
April 22	Dummer Academy	5	DeWitt Clinton	6	at S. Byfield
April 29	Dummer Academy	17	Traip Academy	4	at S. Byfield
May 2	Dummer Academy	2	Powder Point	8	at S. Byfield
May 6	Dummer Academy	4	Manning High	3	at Ipswich
May 9	Dummer Academy		Browne & Nichols		at S. Byfield
May 13	Dummer Academy		Sanborn Seminary		at Kingston
May 16	Dummer Academy		Stearns School		at S. Byfield
May 20	Dummer Academy		Johnson High		at S. Byfield
May 22	Dummer Academy		Sanborn Seminary		at S. Byfield
May 30	Dummer Academy		Thayer Academy		at S. Braintree
June 6	Dummer Academy		Alumni		at S. Byfield



HOCKEY

Nils Forsberg	Captain
Mr. Temple	Coach
Eben Jackson	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing: Mr. Reagan, ass't coach; Hart; Schultz; Jackson.
 Sitting: Terhune, g; Emerson; Forsberg; Kenney, L. W.; Derby.

HOCKEY

THE hockey season this year, although not outwardly a success served its purpose in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Coach Temple, who knows modern hockey from A to Z, saw at once the inadequacy of last year's team to fill out the season; and so taking a squad of new men from the lower classes he moulded the foundations for a stellar

T H E M I L E S T O N E

team for next year. Incidentally, he turned out a better team than last year's. Although no games were won, the scores were all close—four of them being one to nothing, and the other, three to one. In Captain Forsberg, Dummer had a tireless worker and a brainy player. Captain-elect, Emerson, showed the rooters some real hockey and fast clever skating, and was the only player to succeed in getting the puck past the opposing goalie. In Derby and Hart, Dummer should have two players of the best class for next year; but for the two defense men, Schultz and Kenney, Dummer would doubtless have suffered worse defeats. Terhune was a great surprise in the goal. He was a candidate for the forward line, but by chance, he tried the goal and did a great job. Seven letter men return next year.

GOLF PROSPECTS

PROSPECTS for a winning golf team are very good this year. Dummer has only supported a team for one year, and it was mediocre. Two men from the team returned, Bill Kenney and Johnny English. In Bill Arnold, Dummer has a future star. He has been navigating the par 38 Ould Newbury course in the middle forties and has beaten all comers. Kenney, who won all his matches last year and played superlative golf, is shooting a little above fifty and should be back to his old form before the first match. English has been scoring in the high forties and should improve with practice. At a meeting of those really interested in making the team, fifteen reported to aspire to the open position. Coach P. B. Skerrye is taking charge of these, and others are practicing under Mr. Temple with hopes for next year. An extensive and hard schedule is planned, the first match being on the 25th of April with Phillips-Exeter at Exeter. Other teams already scheduled are St. Johns, Manchester, and Boston Latin.

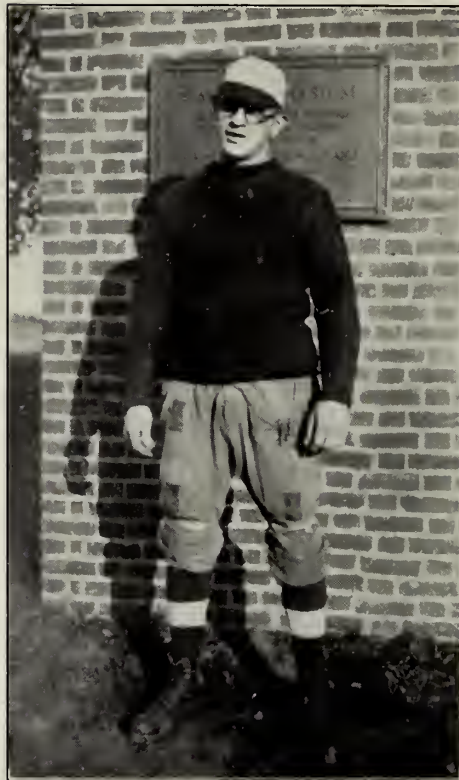
VARSIITY LETTER MEN

Forsberg	5	Schultz, N.....	2
Hinds	4	White	2
Horr	3	Andreani.....	1
Kenney, L. W.....	3	Bridges	1
Ruiz.....	3	Cox, E.....	1
Whalen	3	Derby	1
Watkins	3	Fitzsimmons.....	1
Arnold.....	2	Hall, R.....	1
Capron	2	Hart	1
Emerson	2	Jackson, E. R.....	1
Jackson, E.....	2	Kenney, W. H.....	1
Morse, C. F.....	2	McKinney	1
Morse, J. E.....	2	Phillips	1
Ray	2	Sleeper	1





T H E M I L E S T O N E





AROUND THE CAMPUS

Drawn by R. Andreani

T H E M I L E S T O N E



A CAMPUS VIEW BEFORE 1900

GYMNASIUM

SCHOOL HOUSE

COMMONS

T H E M I L E S T O N E



PERKINS HALL

MOODY HOUSE

INFIRMARY



CAMPUS VIEWS—1925
THE COMMONS AND PARSONS SCHOOL HOUSE

T H E M I L E S T O N E



LANG GYMNASIUM



T H E M I L E S T O N E



LANG GYMNASIUM—INTERIOR

T H E M I L E S T O N E



PEIRCE HALL

MANSION HOUSE—1718



MASON COTTAGE



CHAPEL
FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING AT DUMMER
1763



HYDRANGEAS



FLAG POLE

T H E M I L E S T O N E



GOLF LINKS

VIEWS OF THE GOLF CLUB
GOLF CLUB INTERIOR

GOLF CLUB PORCH







T H E M I L E S T O N E

DO YOU KNOW:

That the Dummer family came from France to England in 1066?

That Richard Dummer was granted the land along the river by the King of England; so the land on which the school stands has been Dummer property for 300 years?

That the Governor's father was Jeremy Dummer, a famous silversmith?

That the Governor's brother, Jeremy, lived in London and induced Mr. Hollis to give money to Harvard and Elihu Yale to found Yale College?

That there is a fort named Dummer in Vermont, a town of Dummer in England and also in Maine, and a Dummer Street in Boston?

That Governor Dummer governed the colony well, settled the French and Indian Wars in his part of the world, gave money to Harvard College, and founded the Academy in 1763?

That he had no children?

That the school has graduates in every country?

That the founder of Exeter and Andover went here to school?

That it was chartered in 1782?

That its Charter is four feet long and signed by John Hancock?

That John Quincy Adams kept its early records?

That the Mansion House is 200 years old?

That one of its former masters founded the University of California, which now has 15,000 students?

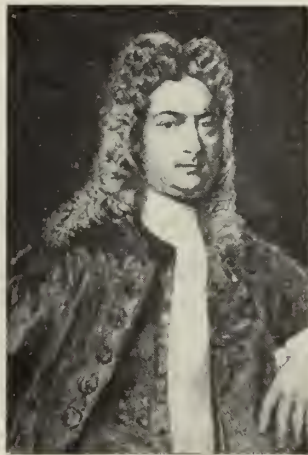
That the school needs an endowment very badly but lives and grows in spite of having none?

That the rocks about here have gold, silver, and lead in them?

That at one time the President and all the Professors at Harvard were Dummer graduates?

That the Village Blacksmith, Longfellow wrote about, lived in Byfield?

That his daughter sang in the old Church?



T H E M I L E S T O N E

DO YOU KNOW:

That Hannah is descended from the kings of Ireland?

Why "Pep", though alive is spoken of as "the late Mr. Capron"?

Why R. H. is called Paper? Has he lost his sand?

Whether Eben is short for Ebenezer or long for his cot?

Why Gyp keeps on living?

Who won the Derby?

That Matthes really got a mark at last? He ran into a door in the dark.

That McGinley and McHutchison are cousins? Their Grandpa was old Mack Truck!

Who throws the ball two hours a day and throws the bull the rest of the time?

Why you crab so much? You're a lobster.

Whether Cole is egg or nut? After talking to K. Bell, he was all stove.

That Hinds went to a dance as a stag? Doe tell, how fawny. O deer!

That D. Hall has relatives in Newburyport? Odd Fellows' Hall and Griffins' Hall.

Why Wilbur just leaves his books?—"Yes, makes the leaves Russell."

Did you ever hear a Milestone? Sounds like a grindstone at times.

Did you ever see Horr when he was not quite sober?



1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8	9		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17							18			19		20					
21						22					23		24				
25						26								27			
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		62						63				64				65	
											66					67	
68	69	70	71				72	73	74	75	76			77	78		
79						80									81		
82				83			84							85			
86						87		88					89				
90								91				92					

T H E M I L E S T O N E

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

NOTE:—Spaces to the left of numbers 26, 29, 30, 72, and 77 are blank.

Horizontal

1. We are monarchs
8. Doctor (abbreviation)
10. Where 1“ horizontal” live
17. Adjusts to a line (Var.)
18. We wonder how much these are of the D. S. C.
20. Nominal
21. To grow gradually less
22. A preparatory school in Massachusetts
24. On fire
25. Road, journey (Latin)
26. Those who conduct baseball games (Ask Mr. Farrell)
27. Some athletes have done this to the mark (Ask Mr. W. B. Skerrye)
28. What students take in Study Hall
29. A person designed to make students’ lives miserable
30. To wash lightly (new spelling!)
31. Foot-second (abbreviation)
32. Twice an en
33. Earl of Provincetown
35. Hobby
38. A north western state—south, too
40. An exclamation
44. One thing that everybody on the campus can do
45. Something that disappears when you stand up
47. Watkins, Hall, and Jackson
48. To try
49. So
50. ½ of energy
51. A Greek letter
52. Wrath
53. Some New Fellow (abbreviation)
54. 3/7 of ecstasy
- 54.a A sacred picture
58. A ridge of drift (Geology)
59. A jot
60. A darling
61. Middy
62. A mantle
63. Steamship
64. Slips of speech
65. A degree
67. That which is over us at all times.
68. Is often held in the gym
72. Will Rogers is never without this
77. A robber
79. To perturb
80. Completely. **7 letters only.**
81. Easy Lessons Reap Inertia
82. The language of the Scottish Highlanders (plural)
84. Sings with sudden changes involving falsetto
85. After (French, last letter first)
86. A kettle drum
88. A panel of glass
89. The first name of the wrong kind of alcohol
90. Hangs loosely with a jerky motion
91. Lest (Latin)
92. What few Commoners are at breakfast.

Vertical

1. Hard to get from a referee
2. Raises in spirits
3. National Institute for the Protection of Early Arrivals
4. Powerless to move
5. Over (poetic)
6. Royal seal
8. What we are in when we feel low
9. Written after “please” on bills
11. Upon
12. An extinct New Zealand bird
13. Civilian clothes
14. The flavor of this lasts
15. The nostrils
16. What Moodyites leave in the paths in winter
18. The Russian Parliament
19. Dry
22. A certain group of “29 horizontals” which picks on Dummer boys
23. Concerning concerning
34. A Dummer building
35. To melt
36. An insect
37. Delirium Tremens
38. What a Dummer boy does in the mornings of vacation
39. What a Dummer boy does in the evenings of vacation
40. Near
41. Left Right
42. Purpose
43. Location of “22 horizontal”
46. Mr. Farrell’s dog
49. Prefix meaning against
53. Every student at Dummer is one of these
55. To converse in a loving way
56. Beautiful Hawaiian birds
57. The consonants in “none”
59. In Utopia (initials)
65. There are two of these on the faculty
66. Places for pigs
67. An imaginary being inhabiting the air (Var.)
69. The main artery
70. Seventh month of the Jewish calendar
71. Don’t try this one. I give it up
73. Above
74. A fortress having two parapets forming a salient angle toward the enemy
75. A girl’s name
76. All (German)
77. Warms
83. Salt (chemistry)
84. To perceive
87. Left end
89. Mister

ORGANIZATIONS



Drawn by Andreani

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE MILESTONE BOARD

Standing: Andreani; Horr; Whalen; Morse, C. F.; Ray.
Sitting: Jackson, E. R.; Capron; Mr. Faust.

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Ayres; Forsberg; Whalen; May.
Sitting: McKinney; Ray; M. Cox.



THE ARCHON BOARD

Standing: McKinney; May; English; Hart.
Sitting: Capron; Mr. Farrell; Andreani.



SCHOOL LIBRARIANS

Standing: Kenney, W. H.; Lawson; English.
Sitting: May; Mr. Faust.

STUDENT COUNCIL

FOR the second time in recent years, Dummer has tried this year an experiment in modified student government by means of a Student Council composed of representatives from each class in school. The experiment this year though not attempted until quite late in the term, has been highly successful. Dr. Ingham and the faculty asked the Student Council to assist in enforcing the smoking regulations of the school. This they did fearlessly by at once demanding and securing a two-week suspension from school of three of the oldest boys in school. This action on the part of the Student Council won the immediate respect of the student body. The Council holds its meetings each Sunday night. They are sane, sensible, dignified meetings and touch closely the life of the school. The members of the Student Council are chosen by the faculty from a list of candidates furnished by each class. Two members were selected from the Senior Class; two from the Junior Class; one from each of the other classes including the Junior School. The Council then from these elects its own president, which honor is recognized as being the highest the school has to offer. The Student Council this year consists of the following boys:

CLIFFORD RAY, Senior, *President*
 LAWRECE WHALEN, Senior.
 NILS FORSBERG, Junior.
 GERALD MAY, Junior.
 FRANK MCKINNEY, Sophomore.
 CHARLES AYRES, Freshman.
 MANN COX, Junior School.

LIBRARY STAFF

THE Academy library, though a small one, is a well-selected and rather ample one for so small a school. The management of it is quite effective, and an unusually large amount of excellent reading is done by the students of the English classes. Mr. Faust is in charge of the library, and he has a staff of assistants, who aid in letting out the books and receiving them back. The library is open each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening of the year. Mr. Faust is assisted this year by William H. Kenney, 2nd; Gerald May; Leonard Lawson; and John English.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

THE ARCHON

THE "Archon" is the Academy paper, published periodically throughout the year, approximately once a month. It contains all current news of the Academy and is the chief means by which the Alumni are kept informed concerning the activities of the campus. The publication of the "Archon" is sponsored by Mr. Farrell of the faculty who is assisted by Paul Caron, Roberto Andreani, John English, Frank McKinney, Edward Hart, and Gerald May.



T H E M I L E S T O N E



ENTERTAINMENTS.



Drawn by R. Andreati



DUMMER BELLES



STUNT NIGHTS AT MOODY HOUSE AND SOPHOMORE MINSTREL

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THIS year as is the custom that old ceremony, the Christmas Tree, was held. Mr. P. B. Skerrye, E. R. Jackson, and R. Hall worked for days buying gifts and choosing those which would point out the recipient's faults none too gently. That is, the committee worked when it was not in the movies or elsewhere in the pursuit of pleasure.

As usual, the gifts were appropriate and the points well taken. Three of the old boys were there: "Gilly" Smith, '21; "Trav" Ingham, '24; "Bob" Foster, ex '25; and "Red" Page, ex '25. All these veterans were given something to bear away and remember. The occasion was very successful and productive of much good natured laughter and attempted wit.

The annual School Elections this year conducted at morning exercises resulted as follows:

Done Most for Dummer	Whalen
Most Popular Fellow	Hinds
Best Athlete	Forsberg
Best Natured Fellow	McKinney
Best Looking Fellow	Arnold
Best Disposition	E. Jackson
Best Dressed Boy	English
Laziest	Capron
Best Looking Master	Mr. P. B. Skerrye
Best Dressed Master	Mr. Faust

THE SOPHOMORE MINSTREL

ON March 14, the first play of the season was given by the Sophomore Class in the form of a minstrel show. The affair took quite a bit of time and coaching from Whalen and Mr. Faust, and came off in professional style. The costumes and setting were unusually good. Two unique features were a hoola-hoola dance by Budgell, and a xylophone solo by Emerson. The line was composed of McKinney, interlocutor; Jackson and Davis, end-men; and Matthes, Emerson, Terhune, Fearnside, Sloane, and Haley.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

PIANO RECITAL

ON Saturday evening April 25, the school was entertained in the Lang Gymnasium by Mr. Walter Arno, organist at Second Science Church in Boston, and talented composer and concert pianist. Owing to the wretched weather conditions hardly any outsiders were present although many had been asked. Each one of his selections was greatly appreciated by the small audience, especially one called "Crystal Morning" written by himself which symbolized the frozen trees and branches caused by the big ice storm of 1921. His program was as follows—:

Prelude	<i>Schutt</i>
Hungarian Etude	<i>McDowell</i>
Tarentelle	<i>Whitney</i>
Juba Dance	<i>Bett</i>
A Night in India	<i>Cobb</i>
Crystal Morning	<i>Arno</i>
Hungarian Dance	<i>Brahms</i>
Bouree Breton	<i>Moret</i>
Gnnoissen	<i>Sati</i>
Poem	<i>Sibith</i>
Butterfly	<i>Chopin</i>
Ragamuffin	<i>Ireland</i>



T H E M I L E S T O N E



SOCIETY.



Drawn by R Andreani

FOOTBALL BANQUET

(From "The Archon")

THE annual football dinner at the Academy was more or less of a family affair. Many of the outside guests, who were invited, were unable to be present. The speakers of the evening were: Dr. Ingham, headmaster; Mr. Farrell, faculty manager and junior coach; Mr. Temple, senior coach; Forsberg, captain of the varsity; May, captain of the second team; and McKinney, captain of the junior team.

Dr. Ingham acted as toastmaster and took the opportunity to praise the work of this year's team, it ranking among the best of Dummer's teams. He also termed Captain Forsberg as the hardest working and most conscientious captain that had come under his observation while principal of the Academy for the last seventeen years. He also complimented Coach Temple on his success. Letters of regret were read from many of the alumni and parents of the boys, who were unable to be present.

The second speaker, Mr. Farrell, said in part: "I want to refer to the football teams as a good advertisement for Dummer. Football as played at the Academy, where the boys enter into the sport for sports' sake and use it for the physical enjoyment they get out of it, is the right kind of publicity. There can be no commercial aspect to football as played at the school for there is no gate and therefore no financial return.

He awarded the junior letters to the following: Capt. McKinney, Bell, Whitehead, Budgell, Chandler, E. Cox, M. Cox, Haley, Fearnside, Fitzsimmons, Gove, Ray, Russell, C. Schultz, Steinharter, and Watt.

Mr. Temple in presenting the letters to the varsity spoke on the good work of the team laying stress upon some special part played by each individual in the season's good work. He expressed confidence in the outlook for next year's team. He presented the varsity letters to the following: Capt. Forsberg, Arnold, Bridges, Capron, Derby, Emerson, Hinds, Horr, L. Kenney, W. Kenney, Phillips, Ruiz, N. Schultz, Whalen, White, E. Jackson. Second team letters were awarded to the following: Capt. May, B. Allen, Ayres, Hart, Lovett, F. Morse, Sawyer, Terhune, Watkins, and Lawson.

Capt. McKinney speaking for the Juniors showed that his team was a necessary cog in the development of the Varsity, and that many of the First team got their first experience with the Juniors. He finished by presenting Mr. Farrell with a gold penknife and chain, by which he might remember the 1924 Juniors.

Capt. May of the Second Team lauded Capt. Forsberg and expressed the hope that every "second" feels that this year's Second Team might

T H E M I L E S T O N E

be promoted en masse next year and earn the "D" to which every embryo football player looks forward.

Capt. Forsberg, in behalf of the team, thanked the coach and all who had a part in the development of the team, and the team for the support they had given him through the season. He thanked the Second Team especially, for they receive all the knocks and bruises of the season and get little in return. In token of his fine leadership the captain was presented with a gold knife and chain.

The meeting broke up with a cheer for Miss Brown, the household manager, who had prepared the feast.

FOOTBALL DANCE HELD IN GYMNASIUM

THE Annual Football Dance was held in the Lang Gymnasium on the evening of November 22nd. The dance committee, "Doc" Hinds and "Lawny" Whalen, deserve great credit for the way in which they put this event over.

The Gym was very simply but tastefully decorated with banners and pennants. At regular intervals around the walls were placed banners, bearing the scores of the season's games. The lights were softened with varied-colored paper. Our old friend the tackling dummy, dressed in a football uniform, stood just inside the door to greet us, but what a different greeting from what he accorded us all Fall!

There was an elimination dance with a box of candy for the lucky male and a bouquet for the fortunate female. The couples were eliminated three at a time until there remained one. McGinley and his partner, Miss Plumer, were the winners.

A silver cup was offered for the best dancer among the boys. The judges, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Terhune, awarded the aforesaid cup to "Bill" Arnold.

The LeRoy Curtiss Orchestra furnished the "Jazz" for the evening. Perkins Hall was given over to the girls from out of town.

"The Archon"

BACK TO DUMMER DAY OBSERVED

(From "The Archon")

BACK to Dummer Day" brought together many of the Sons of Dummer in a pleasant reunion at the Old School at the Byfield Cross-Roads. This first annual Fall reunion of Dummer's Sons was held at the school October 25th, as a preliminary to the greater get-together in Boston during the winter.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

There was a short informal meeting of the Sons of Dummer at 5:30; Guild Holt, the president of the society, whose genius and hard work is accomplishing much in knitting the alumni into a more solid organization, presided. Plans were out-lined, at this meeting, for renovating a small building near the Moody House, for a club house for the use of ex-students when they return to the school.

The banquet prepared by Miss Brown, the school's housekeeper, was voted a success from beginning to end.

The after-dinner speakers were: Judge Alden P. White, of Salem, president of the trustees, the toastmaster, Dr. Charles S. Ingham, headmaster; John W. Perkins, Georgetown, former headmaster; Everit B. Terhune, Boston, manager of the *Boot and Shoe Recorder*; Walter J. Farrell, assistant master and faculty manager of Athletics; George Temple, physical instructor and football coach; and Guild Holt, president of the Sons of Dummer.

President Halt emphasized the fact that even since 1919 and 1920, when he was student, there had been almost radical changes at the school, equipment had been vastly increased and manifold advancements made. The campaign to get names and correct addresses of the former students, the aim being to secure a strong alumni body was delineated. At the present time something like 325 have been secured and more are being sought. Probably in the world there are approximately 1500 living men who went to school there, a goodly proportion of influence and financial power but the whereabouts of the majority is unknown. This has been the worst feature of the past, the losing of touch with ex-students and the present officers of the Sons of Dummer are trying to remedy the defect and can with the proper co-operation and co-ordination.

Dr. Ingham read a list of the alumni of recent years now attending college and also named the seniors and their prospective higher institutions of learning. He spoke very briefly declaring that the more one put into a movement the more was secured from it. The principal considered that if the Sons of Dummer reached the alumni and were able to obtain their hearty support it would mean great things for the school. The welding of a steadfast body, which would help shoulder the burdens and tasks, he counted essential. He hoped every undergraduate would join the society when eligible. In bringing to mind the former students, there was special laudation for Gilbert Smith, the youngest graduate the school has had in recent years, who is attending St. Stephen's college and is a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship.

Dr. John W. Perkins, termed one of the most beloved headmasters, Dummer ever had, related experiences of the old days. The venerable

T H E M I L E S T O N E

teacher, and Mrs. Perkins were special guests and were tendered a hearty greeting. They raised the money that made the erection of the old gymnasium, now being renovated into Perkins hall, the latest dormitory, possible more than thirty years ago. "Honest farmers constructed that building, and when they hewed the lumber and nailed the boards, they put some of their ruggedness into the structure," states the ex-principal. He told of the sports that prevailed in his day at Dummer even under tremendous disadvantages. Portsmouth, N. H., Bradford high, and some of the Boston schools and academies nearby used to be contested in football. Roller skating was also a popular pastime and the Dummer teams used to use a rink in Rowley. There were excellent teams at school two score years ago even if the equipment was oft-times meagre and the playing surfaces strewn with rocks. The "will to win" was there.

The meeting accomplished what was intended—closer touch between the students and teachers at school on one side and the alumni and friends on the other. The Sons of Dummer will continue to "peg away" for the honor and glory of the school until triumphal goals are reached, yard by yard.

THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

THE Junior Promenade will be held at the Ould Newbury Golf Club on Saturday evening, May ninth. The club house will be decorated simply yet, it is hoped, artistically in the class colors, blue and grey, and with flowers and greens. The Tunesters under the leadership of "Dave" Grant will furnish the music and it is hoped that this selection of music will be acceptable. The refreshments will be served by Edwards, the caterer. The favors will be presented after intermission. The patron and patroness of this dance will be the class sponsor, Dr. Ingham and Mrs. Ingham. The committee in charge of this promenade are: Arnold, chairman; Hinds, L. W. Kenney, Phillips, McHutchison and W. H. Kenney.



THE SOPHOMORE DANCE

THE Sophomore Dance was given by the class of '27, on April 18 in the Lang Gymnasium. The gymnasium was elaborately decorated by streamers of blue and gold, the class colors. The ceiling of the dance floor was made by the latticing of these streamers, and from this lattice work streamers alternating in these colors inclined down until they reached the walls. Around the edge of this lattice work were many multi-colored balloons making the gymnasium have a glorified appearance. Two cosy corners were made in the two corners nearest the large windows and were frequently visited. A comfortable couch and a table with a lamp furnished each. An orchestra booth was also made by the streamers and surrounded with masses of ferns, palms, and Easter lilies; and the gymnasium's appearance was one of exquisite beauty. The grand march began at 8:30 and was led by Mr. George Haley and Miss Beulah Stickney. Masters Walter Whitehead and Gerry Watt in attractive page costumes gave out the dance orders and also sterling silver bangle bracelets to all the ladies present. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, olives, ice cream, and punch were served during the intermission by colored waiters from Newburyport. During one of the extras, the balloons suspended from the ceiling were let down among the dancers, producing a beautiful effect. The music was furnished by the LeRoy Colored Orchestra of Boston. The committee from the class in charge of the dance was composed of George Haley, chairman; Frank McKinney, Richard Emerson, John English, Elvin Cox, and Phillips Terhune. The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Faust, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Budgell, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. Terhune, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Emerson, Miss Robinson, and Miss Brown.

—Budgell, '27.





SOPHOMORE DANCE

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THE following persons have materially assisted in the publication of this book by their financial contributions, which have been highly appreciated by the class:

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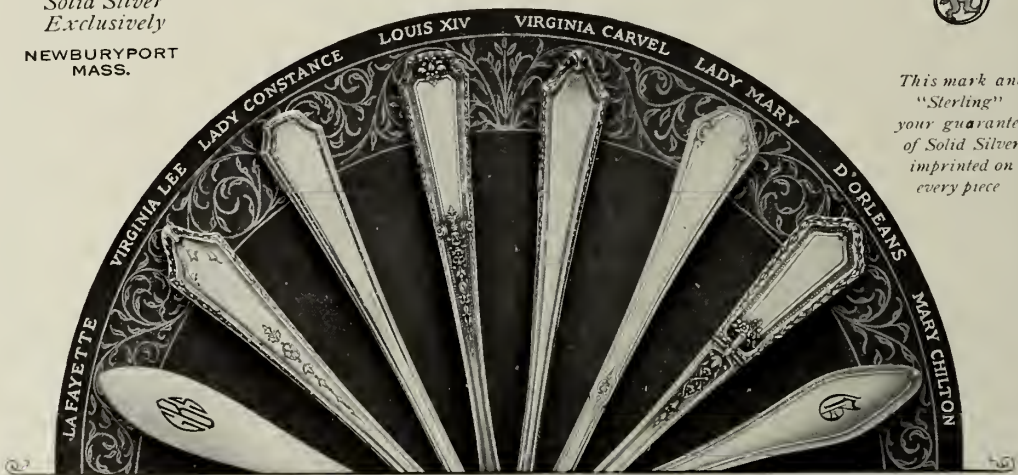
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